

Paris Nights



January
25 Cents

*“New Year’s Eve
in Gay Paree”*

“Paris Theatres”

*“Paris
Street Corners”*

*“Colette the Co-
Respondent”*

Etc., Etc.

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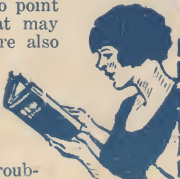


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PARIS NIGHTS

VOLUME FOUR, NUMBER FOUR

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Also eight pages of photographic inserts, a wealth of illustrations, etc.

Suitable short stories with Parisian back-grounds, from 1000 to 3000 words in length; clever verse, jokes, and prose filler are wanted, and where stamped and addressed return envelope is enclosed, every effort will be made to render a prompt decision. Payment is made on acceptance.

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RALPH



ROYLE

DELPHINA

*Sweetly sombre, pen-
sive one,
Whither bound, now
day is done?
While the slender syl-
phic moon
Guides you towards
the black lagoon.*

*Will your fluttering
scarf so light
Shield you from the
dews of night?
Why so stately sad,
dear?—Smile,
Turn and look at me
awhile!*



Paris Nights

VOL. 4

JANUARY, 1927

No. 4

Parisian Paragraphs

THE first time a bride cries it is a catastrophe. The second time it is a calamity. The third time it is unfortunate. After that it is simply a nuisance.

* * *

The modern girl may have her little weaknesses, but she isn't effeminate.

* * *

These days, no chicken likes to be smothered with dressing.

* * *

When a man is under a woman's thumb it is proof that he has won her hand.

* * *

Disillusionment begins when the bridegroom removes his collar and tie.

* * *

It's surprising how often a love triangle develops into a wrecktangle.

* * *

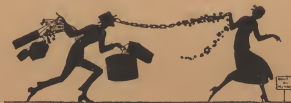
Formerly the ladies' garters held up stockings; the way they're used nowadays they only hold up traffic.

* * *

The girl that can be had for the asking never gets asked.

* * *

When the water pipe bursts in the middle of the night, a janitor sees many strange husbands.



New Year's Eve

*It Is Quite Natural When You
World's Capitol of Gaiety Even
tlemen Would Experience Some
Year's Resolutions—And Even
At Least, Such Was the*

By JEANNE



*I discovered we
were inside a
cabaret.*

IT was New Year's Eve, and I was busily writing down my resolutions for 1927. I had a pencil in my hand. I had a piece of paper on my knees. Also I had quite a few drinks underneath my belt.

"Resolved," I wrote as firmly as I could, under the circumstances, "that I will not . . ."

"Eh bien, mon vieux, and what is it?" A little blonde had halted at my side, and was leaning over my shoulder and reading what I had written on my sheet of paper. "What have you resolved that you will not do? Drink any more champagne?"

I shook my head. That hadn't been what I had in mind. At least that was not the big, *important* resolve, though it might be set down later as a minor one. For champagne nowadays is bad, and champagne nowadays is expensive.

"Then I will order a bottle," laughed the little blonde. "At least to begin with I will order a bottle."

She did, and of course I paid. But when she ordered a second bottle I demurred.

"Tiens, chéri," cooed the blonde in my ear, "you wouldn't refuse a little drink to such an old friend as I am. Would you?"

"I mightn't," I answered, "if you were an old friend. And maybe you are an old friend. But are you *my* old friend?"

"What can I do to prove it," she asked, "besides helping you drink up all that nasty old champagne?"

"You could help me write my New Year's resolution," I said sadly, "only I've lost my paper."

"There is always the back of the



"I mightn't, if you were an old friend."

in Gay Paree

Come to Think of It, That in the Most Well Meaning of Gen-Trouble in Making Their New Greater Trouble in Keeping Them. Case in the Present Instance.

LAURENT

menu," she reminded me. "You can write on that."

"So I can." I drew it toward me and composed my thoughts.

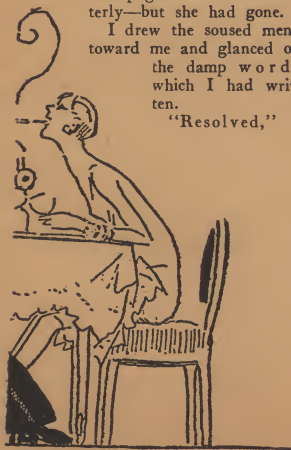
"Resolved," I wrote carefully, "that I will . . ."

"Mon Dieu," the little blonde jumped up, upset the water all over my resolution, and waved madly at some one across the room. "Excuse me for one tiny minute please. There is a still older friend to whom I must absolutely speak."

"Is he older than two bottles of champagne?" I asked bitterly—but she had gone.

I drew the soused menu toward me and glanced on the damp words which I had written.

"Resolved," I



"What can I do to prove it?" she asked.



And then I discovered there was more to dancing than merely stepping this way and that.

read aloud, unhappily, "that I will . . ."

"You will?" A slim brunette danced up to my side and linked her arm through mine. "But that is wonderful, mon vieux."

"I will," I was sure of that, but I was getting hazy about other things. "I will—but—I confess I don't know what I will."

"You do not need to know," the slim brunette assured me.

"Perhaps not," I murmured, "but I'd like to."

"Well, maybe I will tell you," she whispered, "if you will promise to be very, very bad."

"That's a great deal to ask of me," I protested, "especially on New Year's Eve."

"There must be a beginning to everything," murmured the brunette. "We have arrived."

I discovered that we were outside of a cabaret, and then I discovered that we were inside. And presently I discovered that we were outside another bottle of champagne. And then I discovered that we were dancing, and that there

was more to dancing than just stepping this way and that, and listening to your partner's small talk. And after a moment I discovered that I had ordered a lot of food, and then I discovered that I was hungry and could eat it. But I couldn't pay for it—I discovered that too, for when I was presented with the addition all my money was gone and I was broke. Oh, la la!

I made my last discovery then, and it was that although New Year's Eve may make brothers and sisters of all mankind, cruelty begins right in one's own family. For as soon as she saw that I was in trouble, my little Brunette deserted me so fast that you couldn't see her for confetti. And no sooner had she deserted me, than a gendarme took charge of me—which didn't make me any happier.

SOMEBODY suggested that since I couldn't pay the bill, I must be a thief and might also have his cutie's diamond ring, and the management's silverware in my pocket, and so they decided that before leaving the cabaret I must be searched—and searched I was. And right in the first pocket into which they looked they found—not knives and forks, as I know they expected, but my own wallet with my own banknotes bulging from it. I thought I *had* looked in that pocket, but then the things I think I have done are seldom the things I did. This time, however, I didn't object. Sapristi, non. For now I wasn't drunk, now I could

and would pay the addition, now, everybody said, I was a bon papa.

"Eh, garcon," I said to my waiter, "lend me your cuff."

"What is that, Monsieur?" he exclaimed with horror, backing off.

But I was determined, I had an idea, and the time to put it into execution was now. So I pulled him toward me, and I got out my pencil. But upon examination I found that his cuff

was both small and unclean. So I decided to use his shirt front instead.

"Resolved," I wrote purposefully, "that I . . ."

"Chéri," a pair of smooth, white arms were twined about my throat and a pair of the bluest eyes in the world gazed into mine. I gazed back—and during that moment the waiter—and his shirt front—vanished.

"Mon petit chou adoré, my little cabbage that I adore," continued blue eyes, "your Mimi knows that which you would resolve. Follow her. You will, is it not?"

It was. I would. I did—how could I help it? Her eyes were too blue to be true, I knew, but nevertheless her will was my way.

"We will take a taxi," she murmured, "and then he will take us to a place Mimi knows about. You will like it."

We took the taxi, and the taxi took its time, but it did finally act as though it had arrived, for it stopped, which meant nothing, and its meter stopped, which meant everything. My blue eyed beauty then preceded me into a small



"I can help you drink up all that nasty old champagne."

house, whose door was opened by a very tall footman with extra size shoulders.

To the right and left of the hallway were rooms, inside the rooms were tables, around the tables, people.

"Baccarat," whispered blue eyes into my left ear. "We will play in turns. You put on the money, and we will decide that when we lose you are playing, and when we win, I am. Is not that an idea of a magnificent brilliance?"

I admitted that it certainly was an unusual idea, and blue eyes ordered some champagne. After the champagne I didn't think the idea *was* unusual, though I still felt that there was a catch in it somewhere. I never yet had a woman share anything with me—except a kiss—and be on the level. Usually I get the worst of the bargain—and sometimes this is true even in the case of a kiss! However, my companion seemed to be playing square, for there I was playing all the time and having most of the fun, while she just sat back and watched.

It is true that I was losing all of the time, but even so my conscience started to hurt me, and I insisted that she must play the next time. I even gave her some money to play with. But she refused, stuffing the bank notes into her purse, and saying that I must absolutely keep right on until I won. Never before had I encountered such unselfishness!

However, I did as she asked me, and as I never won, I played right through the contents of my wallet to the lining. It was then I discovered the wherefore of the broad shoulders of the footman at the door.

I wouldn't exactly say that he put me out. And I wouldn't exactly say that he didn't. Let us assume that he—assisted me. Speedily. C'est ça.

At any rate I found myself sitting on the curb, hatless, coatless,

caneless, moneyless and girl-less. The only thing I did have was a fragment of chalk which I was clutching in my fist, and which I must have grabbed from one of the gaming blackboards on my way out.

What a lesson that should be for me. There was I—cold drunk, by which I mean cold and not sober, alone, penniless, deserted. I decided that I *would* profit by it. Wandering to the corner of the street where there was an arc light I bent down to write my resolution on the pavement.

"Resolved," I wrote, "that . . ."

"CE pau' chéri." My head was resting on a woman's lap, and slim fingers were stroking my temples. "Did he feel all dizzy from bending over and did he faint dead away?"

"Eh bien, Mademoiselle, tell me," I asked, my curiosity aroused, "did he?"

"And was he cold and hungry and lonesome?" the voice continued, ignoring my question.



"Maybe I will tell you," she whispered, "if you will promise to be very, very bad."

"Was he?" I echoed stupidly.

"And is he longing for his little darling dearest to take him home and give him a nice glass of . . ."

"Not champagne," I groaned, "anything but that."

"Coffee?" cooed the voice, and its owner shifted my head gently, and rose to her feet. After which she helped me up and propelled me toward a taxi.

"But I have no money," I protested weakly. "I had some money once but it's all gone now. They took it away from me, and I'm broke. We had better walk."

"Was he broke," laughed my capturer, "and did he think we would have to walk? But his Nou-nou has just oodles of money, see?" She rattled her purse before my eyes.

"Are you my Nou-nou?" I asked in a daze.

"Am I his Nou-nou?" she cuddled against me, and I noticed that she was small, cunning, that her face was hidden by the enormous collar on her fur coat, and the drooping brim of her hat from which hung a little veil, and that she had plenty of money. When she let me into her apartment, the door of which was opened by the trimmest maid in the world, a little red head with a dimple in her chin, I knew at once that I had struck a gold mine.

I let myself down into a comfortable chair, I lighted a fabulously good cigar, I waited. The aroma of perfect coffee reached my nostrils. My resolves began to grow vague in my mind. This was the life.

And then, through the portières which separated the living room from the bedroom there stepped a small, trim woman in a beaded gown, and, *mon Dieu*, she was a hundred years old. She was wrinkled, withered,

painted, farded, bolstered, beteeched, bewigged, and had a glassy if not a glass eye. And the other one drooped.

"Am I his Nou-nou?" she cooed, lovingly.

I flew. Past the red-headed maid with the dimple in her chin, down the marble steps, out into the cold, cold night I ran. What matter that I had no hat, no coat and no money? What matter that I was dizzy, hungry, and becoming sober? What matter anything? Somehow I reached a familiar street, and in it I found a familiar doorstep which led to a familiar threshold. My key fitted into the lock! It was a miracle. Somehow I found myself in a small, sparsely furnished living room, without portières, dimpled maids, deep pile carpets, springy chairs or good cigars. Somehow I sat down, and discovered that a plump but attractive little female was nestling on my knees. And somehow—*somehow* I spoke.

"Petite," I said encircling the little plump one with both arms, "this is New Year's Eve."

"Tiens," said the little one, cuddling closer, "so it is."

"And I have made a New Year's resolution," I continued. "Think of that."

"I am thinking of it," she smiled at me.

"Also, I intend to keep it," I said defiantly, "though all evening the whole of Paris has conspired against me."

"Oh, chéri," cried the little one ecstatically, "how wonderful you are. And what can this marvelous resolution be?"

"Resolved," I said boldly, "that I will kiss—*my wife*."

Which—I did.

"And how is your daughter getting on? The one that was so delicate."

"Oh, she's much better since her marriage; in fact, she's quite indelicate now."



Captive Beauty

In one of the revues, this beautiful girl poses as a Circassian slave girl. Now, we've always had a special sort of feeling for Circassian slave girls—in old romance and history, the most powerful rulers are credited with preferring these dusky beauties from southern Russia. Here at last we can get an idea of just what a Circassian slave girl was like; and beholding, we must compliment the ancient monarchs on their excellent taste.



Edith Davis

*Whose performance in "Naughty Riquette" has won the admiration of
countless audiences at the Cosmopolitan Theatre.*



She was conscious anew of the lithe, strong lines of her beautiful body.

The Gift

An Amazing, Utterly Irresistible, Charmingly Written Story Revealing a Phase of Personality Rarely Encountered. You Will Love Generous Little Angele, Giver of Something Very Precious and Beautiful.

By PAUL GAILLARD

WHERE Angele Broissard had lived before she came to Paris, no one knew—how she lived in Paris, they knew still less. She was young and lovely and for the most part seemed deliriously happy. Certainly she found life amusing—at no time dull or monotonous. If most of her visitors were young men who caused her dull and middle-aged neighbors to whisper venomously to one another: “Une demi-vierge!” she did not seem to find life less amusing on that account.

Her most constant visitor was a tall, handsome young Irishman, blue of eye

and red of hair, whose look said that he adored her. Patrick Asche, drawn from his aristocratic luxurious home in Dublin to Paris in a search for amusement, had been anchored there by the charms of Angele Broissard. To all entreaties of his anxious mother to return, he had but one answer. Never would he leave Paris without Angele. To this declaration his mother remained coldly silent. Patrick remained in Paris.

Once at a late hour, Angele was bidding him goodnight on the stair landing. It was a warmly affectionate goodnight. Patrick was loathe to go. With his arms wound about the supple



It was mid-afternoon when she awoke, stretched her arms widely, and smiled in amusement.

body of Angele, his hands twisting strands of silky blue black hair, he kissed her again and again. They were so engrossed that they did not see Angele's neighbor from across the hall dragging his weary feet up the stairs. He was a musician, returning late from his work.

Presently Angele became aware of him. Her arms were about Patrick's neck, and over his shoulder she saw that her neighbor had halted on the landing instead of turning into his own apartment, and stood with his back against the wall, his violin under his arm, sighing, like a green wood fire. Angele's eyes twinkled mischievously as she looked at him. Some deviltry induced her to wriggle her fingers at him so that the large and expensive diamond which had been Patrick's betrothal gift to her, caught the light. It seemed to say for her:

"It's all right, my fat neighbor. I am going to marry this man. No need for you to sigh."

The man disappeared then into his own rooms and Patrick descended the

stairway. For a moment Angele stood on the landing, her peignoir drawn closely about her, a curious smile on her lips. From her neighbor's rooms came the faint sound of a violin—soft and luring as though it were a love call. On a gay impulse, she crossed the corridor and knocked softly. A melodious voice said: "Come in." She entered and stood with her back against the door.

"Did you call, monsieur?" she asked gravely.

"Yes," he replied unexpectedly.

Angele looked at him in amusement at first—and delight at his retort. He was not young, and he was plump as a Strasbourg goose. His hair was thin and with his round pink face he looked like a beautiful old abbé as he sat with his violin beneath his chin.

He played on, regardless of the hour—and regardless of the hour and of her déshabille. Angele remained and listened to him, her eyes half closed in dreamy reverie.

Suddenly the music ceased and An-

gele shook herself from her reverie to find the man at her feet. He wound his arms about her knees.

"Ah, you who have everything—youth, beauty, love—you come to laugh at a man who has nothing—nothing but his music."

"But what would you, monsieur?"

"Everything! I who have had nothing—would for once, have everything. To know life, love and beauty! For that I would die."

Angele looked at him as he knelt with his head pressed against her knees; he seemed intoxicated by the touch. He kissed them through the silk of her peignoir.

"Ah, mon ami," she said brusquely. "Don't be a fool."

"Ah, pardon," he murmured. "It is true. I am a fool. I was intoxicated by your loveliness. What has an old man like me to do with love or life or beauty!"

"Mais, oui—you have had your time of love and youth, ne c'est pas?"

"Ah, non—je suis un innocent. I have had nothing. And now I am growing old," he said sadly.

Angele stared at the two short candles burning on the uncovered table and a curious smile twisted her lips.

"And if you could have your wish?" She held herself as erect as a young goddess, conscious anew of the lithe, strong lines of her beautiful body—of the allure and perfume of her long black burnished hair—of the gleam and sparkle of her eyes.

"Ah, mademoiselle mocks me! It is

not to be. It is too great a gift of le bon Dieu. Youth seeks youth, but it is only age that can really appreciate youth—and age that has never known youth." There was passionate regret and longing in his voice. He pressed his round pink cheek firmly against her knees.

"Come!" Angele drew him toward the wide divan that was covered with a frayed shawl. She sat down and drew him down beside her, her arm about his neck. His face flushed a deeper pink as she laid her soft cheek against his.

"Ah, mademoiselle—you choose to make fun of an old man—to tantalize him—you who are so beautiful."

Angele's reply was a long slow smile. It was answered by a look of amazement, gratitude that amounted almost to fear.

"Ah, mais non—you do not mean it," he blurted out, laying his head in her lap. She laid a soft hand on which

Patrick's diamond twinkled wickedly, on his bent head. His shoulders shook.

The candles burnt low, flickered, melted down to nothing, went out.



Poor Patrick! How little he knew women!

IT was dawn when Angele slipped across the corridor to her own apartment. She yawned, drew the curtains and went to bed.

It was mid-afternoon when she awoke, stretched her arms widely and as if remembering, smiled in amusement. Across

the corridor a plaintive violin practiced a reminiscent air. It was a wedding march. She smiled again—this

time with pleasure. How good life was! She was going to marry Patrick Asche. She looked at her ring—a promise of the life that awaited her. She thought idly, in the few moments before she slipped out of bed, of the clothes she must order for her trousseau. Then she thought of the ridiculous old man across the corridor and laughed aloud. Ah, yes, Angele Broisard found life amusing.

She looked as fresh and wholesome as a crab apple blossom when Patrick Asche arrived to take her to dinner. He was bubbling with suppressed happiness.

They forsook their usual haunts that evening to wind their way to a small cafe in Montmartre. There in a smoky corner of the Lapin Agile, he wound his arm about her waist and told her his great news.

"Maman has at last given her consent and wants us to come to Dublin at once to be married. She will adore you."

Angele only looked at him tenderly. Poor Patrick! How little he knew women, even his mother—least of all his mother.

For the thousandth time he told her how lovely she was. Now and then she would laugh outright as though her thoughts amused her. Once Patrick asked ardently:

"What is it, my Angele, that makes you laugh? Is it that you are pleased that we are to be married so soon?"

"But what else?" Angele replied, and

leaned closer to him. But before the eyes of her mind floated a round pink face crowned with a thin fringe of hair above wide, pleading eyes.

As they left the Lapin Agile and went on foot through the district of Montmartre most pathetic in its poverty, she paused to watch, even at this late hour, little children gathering papers and refuse to burn for fuel.

"Ah, les pauvres enfants! They are so wretched and I am so happy." She was adorable.

But Patrick had scant to give to the wretched children. His own happiness engrossed him.

"Oui—oui," he said absently. "We shall go to Dieppe after we have seen maman, shall we not, my sweet?"

"Anywhere you wish," she answered, her thoughts still with the poor children of the gutter.

Patrick was filled with plans. They would go here—there; would buy this—that. But suddenly Angele interrupted him.

"Patrick, mon chéri—for a wedding gift, I would like money to give to the poor children of Paris. My heart aches for them."

"You are so adorably generous, my own Angele. No wonder I love you. How much do you wish to give?"

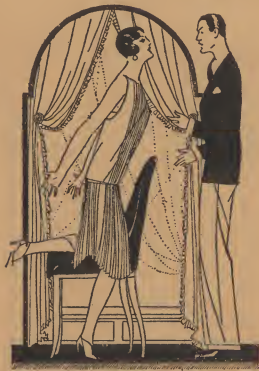
"Do you think three thousand francs too much?" she asked wistfully.

"Twice that if you wish it," he said generously.

"It shall be your wedding present to me," she said seriously. If you only knew how I love to bestow gifts—and where they are least expected."

When they reached Angele's apartment, it was

already late. There was a brief good-night kiss on the stair landing, and Angele waited until Patrick disappeared before she turned to her own doorway.



"Do you think three thousand francs too much?"



Her most constant visitor was a tall, handsome young Irishman, whose look said that he adored her.

As she stood bathed with light from the lamp in her own apartment, the door opposite hers opened. Her plump neighbor stood in the doorway. He came toward her, his round pink face a trifle ridiculous with its foolish grin. In place of the thin black string of a tie that he had worn, he had on a new scarf of gaudy color. A shiver of distaste shook Angele. Gone was the pathetic old musician who looked like a beautiful abbé in a picture. Here was only a simpering, foolish old man. He held in his hand a small flat box.

He held it toward her but she refused to take it.

"Bon nuit!" she said shortly, and turned to enter her own apartment.

"Pour vous!" he said, with a simpering smile.

She only looked at him, a tiny frown wrinkling her forehead. He opened the box and held forth a cheap bangle set with gaudy imitation stones.

Angele laughed. "I do not accept gifts, monsieur. I am engaged to be married." She looked down at her ring.

"But—but—" he sputtered.

"Adieu!" Angele said icily. "Will you oblige me by not speaking to me again? It does not please me."

"But last night—last night," he reminded her piteously.

Angele laughed at him in unsympathetic amusement.

"Monsieur, you bore me. Each day is a new day."

"But you were so generous last night. Such a gift—"

"Ah, oui," she said carelessly, yawning behind her hand. "Gifts are for children—only for the innocent. You are no longer innocent. Please do not speak to me again."

She closed the door in his face and sank down in the depths of a fauteuil, yawning. Outside her door she heard the pitiful sobbing of the old musician and her eyes flashed with anger. Then she laughed—but there was neither joy nor mirth in that laugh—but something as sardonic as a chuckle of a vengeful goddess.

"Mon pauvre abbé," she said under her breath; then again laughter rolled from her throat. "Mon pauvre innocent."

The old musician beat his head against the door panel, and then unable to lure Angele to the door, pattered back across the corridor to his own apartment, his gift in his hand, wet with his tears.



"No virtuous woman would ever do a thing like that."

Paris Theatres and Other

Our Correspondent Points Out the Interesting Difference Between the Tied Up With the Idea Expressed in the Phrase "To Make An Honest ent Connotation Which Is Clearly Shown in the Current

By HENRY

THE trouble with all the Guides to Paris that have ever been written is that they tell you all about Paris and nothing about Parisians. Your Baedeker, your Guide Bleu will direct you to Napoleon's Tomb or to the site of the Bastille, but they will not prepare you for the misadventures you may encounter on your way there—misadventures due to the fact that Parisian psychology is as far removed from the New York mentality as can be imagined. And, though your Guide will give you an adequate list of the Paris theatres, it will not prepare you for the unique conception of life and of human character which is portrayed there.

Americans, puzzled by the extravagance and liberties of the Folies-Bergère, the Concert Mayol, and the more frank revues of the smaller houses, are even more at a loss in the legitimate theatres. And their bewilderment is due to the fact that they have

no preparation whatever for the French attitude toward life: meaning largely, of course, their unorthodox attitude toward morality.

For example, an American visitor at the opening recently of "Petit Pêché" (Little Sin) at the Comédie-Caumartin, a delightfully Gallic comedy, expressed utter disapproval of the author's main hypothesis. "No virtuous woman," he said, "would ever do a thing like that." He meant, of course, no virtuous American woman. But (and he may take it from one who knows) no virtuous Frenchwoman wouldn't.

The story is that of a brother and sister, François and Françoise, who from their very birth, which occurred simultaneously, were bound by a love that is rare between kin. Even in infancy they gave frequent evidence of this terrific devotion. When François was sent to bed without supper for some childish prank, his sister Françoise went to bed hungry. When



"You mean no virtuous Frenchwoman wouldn't."

Highly Diverting Amusements

French and American Conceptions of Honor. In America It Is Mainly Woman of Her." Among the French "Honor" Has a Somewhat Different Plays With Which Mr. Altimus Is Here Concerned.

ALTIMUS

Françoise fell and scraped her shins, François immediately simulated an accident in which he incurred the same injuries. Their devotion resisted the advance of the years, and they attained manhood and womanhood with their love as strong as ever. François marries, and Françoise immediately chooses a mate. But here trouble begins. François has not been very lucky in the choice of a wife. He discovers that she has been unfaithful to him, and, his heart heavy with grief, he comes to Françoise with his troubles. Instinctively, she comes to his rescue in the usual way: she invents a lie about her having a lover and being unfaithful to her husband. And the subsequent action of the comedy revolves about this lie, told to save her brother from being unhappy, a lie which, by the mischievous development of events, becomes ultimately a truth.

It is to this lie that the American in the audience objected. A good woman,

he maintained, would not compromise her honor like that, even to heal the wounds of a beloved brother. Quite true: not in New York, or Philadelphia, or Oshkosh. But she would in Paris or Marseilles or Luc-sur-Mer. For the French idea of honor is a little different from our own, and no one who does not understand this little difference can understand the French theatre.

It is true that "Petit Pêché" is only a comedy, and the author of a comedy is permitted certain liberties which sometimes lead him off the beaten path of life, but I can tell you a story, taken verbatim from life, which illustrates the singular French conception of "honor" better than "Petit Pêché"—a story which could not have any counterpart in America.

Henriette was a young peasant girl of Normandy. She was not very good-looking, but she was alert and loyal and fond of life. She was seventeen. She had few girl friends and even



They attained manhood and womanhood with their love as strong as ever.

fewer boy friends. In fact, she was rather conspicuous in her village because of the fact that, at her ripe age, she was not yet keeping company. Then, suddenly, it became manifest to her neighbors that Henriette was about to become a mother. There was considerable gossip, but Henriette's lips were sealed. She said nothing, went about her business as usual, and, living in a French village, was entirely free from persecution of any kind. Motherhood is a rather honorable business in France, and the circumstances are a secondary consideration.

The day of Henriette's *accouchement* was near. She disappeared for twenty-four hours, and when she reappeared on the scene it was without an infant in her arms. Suspicions were aroused, an inquiry was started, and finally Henriette was brought to the magistrate for questioning. To the magistrate she admitted that she had given birth to a child, that it

had been born dead, and that she had buried it in her garden. The father, she also admitted, was a soldier who had been ordered to the Ruhr several months before. She gave a glowing account of the soldier's fine qualities, his

great love for her, his devotion, and his brokenhearted departure to answer the call of duty. The magistrate dismissed the case for the time being, but ordered that a search be made of the garden for the buried infant. A week of digging, in which every inch of the garden was turned over, produced nothing. Henriette was again called before the magistrate, confronted with the evidence of her untruth, and was charged with infanticide.

It was only then that the peasant girl broke down and confessed the truth. She had not borne a child, she had not even been *enceinte*. She had merely pretended. She had wrapped innumerable garments about her waist, and



She invented a lie about her having a lover and being unfaithful to her husband.

*R*ATHER pretty,
Rather pert,
Very dainty and alert.
She, monsieur, is sure to
please—
You'll find her in the
"Vanies."



Ednamay French



The Lure of Parisian Revues

Just a glimpse of three of the stars and a supporting chorus from "Paris in Flower"—as shown above—is perhaps sufficient to explain the steady stream of American visitors to the French capital.

then, one day, she had simply removed them.

"But why?" asked the astonished but kindly magistrate.

"Because I was so ashamed that boys never paid any attention to me, and because people laughed at me for being unattractive to men. I wanted to make them think that I was attractive, that I inspired passion in one man, that some one loved me enough to want me to be the mother of his child. I was so lonely. No man ever looked at me, and I was ashamed."

These are her words, recorded by a court stenographer. You will acknowledge that this is a singular conception of "honor." Henriette was ashamed not to have had a love affair,

and she was proud to give the impression that she had been seduced. It is a singularly human case, singularly French, revealing a unique attitude toward morality for which an American is hardly prepared by his education and environment. But the French understand these things, and Henriette was dismissed without as much as a kindly rebuke.

Small wonder, then that most serious French plays and even the more frivolous ones have to be "adapted" for presentation before an American audience. Small wonder, too, that an American visitor in a Paris Theatre, even when he understands the language, does not grasp the point of view. And when a play is adapted for the American stage, it does not mean merely that it is edited, that risqué dialogue is toned down, that a seduction becomes a kiss, that a liaison becomes a friendship: it

means that the entire motivation is altered to come within the understanding of the Anglo-Saxon conscience. For Americans have long nurtured a string of stereotyped phrases like morality, honor, "all that a woman can give," etc., which means absolutely nothing to a French mind. And I am not quite sure whether the French point of view is not often more moral in essence.

I recall an interesting Franco-American discussion which took place not



Miche and Farizet, artists and Bohemians, in love with life and each other.

long ago in Gertrude Stein's home in Paris. (You know Gertrude, author of "Tender Buttons" and inventor of futuristic prose.) It was one of her tea receptions and there was a mixed American and French gathering. Talk turned to the sinking of the Titanic and the Lusitania, and an American pointed with pride to the heroic conduct of the men in yielding first place in the life boats to the women.

"Heroic?" questioned a French woman. "You mean brutal. I think their conduct was brutal in the extreme. Was it heroic to send these women out to face life alone, without them? What is a woman's life worth when she has lost the one she loves? In sending his woman into the boat, the man was destroying two lives, his and the woman's."

"What," asked an American, "would you have done?"

"A Frenchwoman would remain beside her husband, to die or to be saved with him. I understand one aged woman refused to enter a boat and went down with her husband. She was American by citizenship, but her heart was French. In such accidents gallantry is grotesque. Husbands and wives should not be separated. They should be sent into the boats in couples."

A singular attitude. And who can say which is the nobler, the American notion of heroism, or the French notion of devotion?

It is issues like these that come up often in the French theatre: cardinal issues in the drama and secondary issues in the more frivolous entertainments. And no American can understand the French theatre unless he appreciates the difference between the two races.

Without such an understanding, Edmond Sée's fine comedy at the Mathurins, "Saison d'Amour" (Love Season) becomes a shabby and sordid piece of writing, and yet its verity is clear to the Gallic understanding. It is the story of two couples: M. and Mme. Glorion, middle class, advanced in years, rich and bored with each other; and Miche and Farizet, artists and bohemians, poor but young and in love with life and each other. The artists being threatened because of failure to pay rent, Glorion offers to pay, in return, of course, for the favors of the

charming Miche. And Mme. Glorion likewise offers to help Farizet, seeing in him the youth and romance which is rapidly becoming inaccessible to her.

For the elderly Glorions, this is their last chance to retain some of the glamour and joy of life; for the bohemians, an opportunity to continue their lazy, deliciously irresponsible life. And they all find their happiness that way. A sordid arrangement, the Anglo-Saxon critic will assert. A charming solution, the French have decided. After all, the test of immorality is, fundamentally, the harm done to others. And there is no harm done to anyone in the play. The Glorions are happy. Miche and Farizet are thoroughly pleased. The Glorions once more know romance and love and youth. The artists are saved from need and squalor and embarrassment. And both Monsieur and Madame in the audience go away feeling that all is well with the world. But I doubt whether Mr. and Mrs. would entertain the same satisfaction with the piece. You see, it's all in the point of view.

CURRENT PLAYS

Mathurins: "Saison d'Amour" (Love Season)
 Comédie-Caumartin: "Petit Pêche" (Little Sin)
 Nouvel-Ambigu: Plein Aux As (Aces Full)
 Champs-Élysées: "Le Dictateur" (The Dictator)
 Nouveautés: "La Famille Lavolette" (The Lavolette Family)
 L'Avenue: "Le Rubicon" (The Rubicon)
 Palace: "Palace aux Femmes" (The Palace of Women)
 Moulin-Rouge: "Montmartre aux Nues" (Montmartre in the Nude)

An Unjust Reflection

A CHAMPION eater had just succeeded in devouring three roast chickens. They brought in another, but he worked much slower on this one. All went fairly well until he reached the last leg, and it seemed he could not possibly eat another morsel. His friends urged him to make the record an even four chickens by eating the last remaining leg, and he finally did so.

Shortly afterward, as he staggered toward home, a very pretty girl passed him by. She was wearing a very short skirt.

"Ugh!" said the Champion, suddenly. "That leg!" he exclaimed to his friend. "It is making me deathly sick!"

The young woman whirled about and said angrily:

"Well, it needn't—it took first prize at the beauty show!"



Watching the crowds go by.

Paris Street Corners

By

MADELON
CAMBON



Soliciting a client's company to the underworld.

YOU may think that because I write of street corners I am not a good girl. I shall not stop to argue that possibility, for after all even goodness is a matter of viewpoint. If it will help you any in arriving at a conclusion, I will admit that I am pretty and well-formed, and that I like nice men and enjoy a wild party as well as anyone, but beyond that I refuse to commit myself. The principal point I wish to make is that street corners in Paris are somewhat different from those in America. They possess personality. Much may be learned of life from them. Many interesting occurrences transpire thereon, not the least of which has its origin in the relation of the sexes.

Place de l'Opera

OF course, the most famous corner of them all is the one where stands the Café de la Paix. The little tables are set out on the sidewalk, where, sipping your aperitif, you can watch the crowds as though you sat in your own private box at a show. And what a show! On a windy day, it's better than any ballet. A little girl—

eighteen—came down the boulevard, airing her dog. The wind blew, her skirts flew, and there was a terrible hullabaloo. Up went the skirts, and she turned herself round to blow them down again. The little dog twisted, too, and got his leash entangled around her legs. It was a deplorable situation. When she regained her dignity—and her modesty—she blushed crimson to find that an audience had gathered, and at least twenty Frenchmen stood in a row, regarding her.

But among the audience itself you may see things to make you wiser . . . Quietly approaching that table, is a guide, soliciting in a low voice a client's company on a trip to the underworld, to scenes of iniquity and filth . . . Nearby is an old woman, clicking glasses with a thin youth, and paying the check . . . And at the next table, sitting alone, a charming young man with a suspicion of sideburns, and brooding eyes.

Place Vendome

ON the Place Vendôme, just in front of Morgan Harjes, I bump into the brooding young man



Around the Place Pigalle is the land of gilded cabarets, filled with Americans, Russians and cocottes.

from the Café de la Paix. He wears a wide brimmed felt hat, like a Frenchman. We look at each other and almost speak—then I hastily turn in to get my mail. The best dressed women in Paris are to be seen in Morgan Harjes—expensive Americans. Across is the Ritz, and around it an array of beautiful motors—Hispana Suizas, Rolls Royces, and other foreign cars. I feel aristocratic in the Place Vendôme. It would seem almost natural to go into a jewelry store and price the diamond in the window—the big one, large as a glittering bird's egg. The whole Place smells of riches and civilization with its quiet, dignified buildings, rather gray with the passing of time.

Place Pigalle—and the Incident of the Red Roses

A HURRYING, a scurrying corner, filled with taxis, Americans, Russians and cocottes. Electric light signs glitter from every side, crying to you to come in to the plush cabarets.

A flower seller whines in your ear. She wears a black working dress over her pregnant figure, and carries a large child in her arms. The child is much too old to be carried, and whimpers to be let down, but it helps business. Her roses are sweet and fragrant, and I start to buy them; but the modest young man who is my escort stops me. "And why do you care?" I ask, suggesting in the politest way that it is none of his business. But he is overcome with confusion at some secret knowledge, and only begs me to take his word for it that I had better not. Finally I worm it out of him that one should not wear red roses in Paris—that is, not unless you wish to issue an invitation, or flaunt the fact that one has already been accepted. Well, I have no interest either in belonging to the modest young man, or in being followed by some one else, but it does seem as if the red roses might be gotten somehow . . . As we stop to debate which cabaret to enter, the romantic

young man who seems to roam Paris comes by, stops and stares; and I wonder if he, too, knows the meaning of red roses?

Corner of Boulevards Raspail and Montparnasse

THE Café du Dome and the Café Rotonde stare at each other across the street, but do not speak. The Rotonde is more French, with dancing; at the Dome are the young artists of posterity. There are faces well worth your interest; young women with white hair, old women with red; bearded youths wearing tight little berets Basques—the Basque interpretation of the tam o'shanter, which, rumor hath, will soon be made popular by the Prince of Wales. But among the artists of the Latin Quarter they were popular long ago. They, too, are the ones to urge the fashion of the shirt open at the neck.

At one table sits a dejected youth who looks like a dope fiend. Some of the people couldn't possibly be as odd as they look; while others are,—well, a great deal odder . . . Suddenly, out of the smoke that dims even the bright lights of the bar, I spot the young man whose brooding eyes again regard me steadily and without shame. Without either of us realizing it, we approach each other.

"Come with me, chérie," he says, without prelude, and I reply, just as much as a matter of course.

"I can't—now; I'm with some one."

"Very well, then—tomorrow. Place du Tertre."

Place du Tertre—and Some More About Red Roses

AT the top of Montmartre, under the shadow of Sacré Coeur. It is dusk, and there are candles held in bottles flickering on the little tables spread on the square at the Place du Tertre. My béguin and I sit at a table, and a waiter serves us rapidly cooling food and internally warming wine. My béguin looks at me with those steady eyes, and I am suddenly drunk with

more than red wine. Strange creatures wander about, do something, then take up a collection for it. There is a poor devil of an artist who fancies the romantic straight features of my companion, and stops to draw his silhouette to sell to him,—one of the tribe that instead of becoming great, come to thus picking up a few francs that they may eat. Two wandering musicians stop—the man plays, the boy sings in a worn, husky tenor, "Oh, Marie," "Funicula, Funiculi," and the rest. Then a great motor bus lumbers by, filled with tourists who wish to see Paris at night, and yet be quite safe. They are that. I wonder if I am?

Probably not . . .

A flower girl threads her way among the tables, stopping to offer her wares.

"Venez ici!" calls my companion softly, and beckons. She comes over, and he purchases a bunch of the most beautiful half blown red roses I've ever seen.

"For you," he says, and—well, *I put them on.*



The Cafe Rotonde is more French, with dancing.

One Way to Win a Husband

It Grows Harder and Harder These Days For a Girl To Get An Honest Proposal—But Sometimes the Good Old Tricks May Be Resorted To With Surprising Results.

By FABIEN LA TRANCHE

THE dressing-room was bathed in a rosy glow of light from the shaded lamps on the table and floor. Masses of expensive flowers were in crystal vases, and perfumes of Arabia and Paris further sweetened the air. On a low stuffed chair made especially for the purpose, Loulou Etoile sat, en negligée, while her maid put on her stockings and slippers. The famous legs of the dancer, insured for thousands of dollars, had every attention, and were only the very softest of chiffon hosiery. Masses of brilliants lit up the heels of the evening slippers.

That rite being completed, Loulou slipped a dress on over the one pink garment she wore beneath, and regarded herself admiringly in the long cheval glass which reflected back a woman whose beauty of body entirely equalled the beauty of her charming limbs.

The maid, attending the telephone, informed her that Monsieur le Comte desired to come up.

Loulou made a little grimace of malice and shrugged her shoulders as she always did when excited.

"Bien . . . tell him to come—and you, you can go—allez-vous-en!"

The maid, used to the ramifications of Loulou's dealings with the male sex, spoke into the phone as desired and figured out the future. Something rather serious must be contemplated by Loulou this evening: usually she was bidden to stay and formed a useful third when Loulou wanted to dismiss someone who had rifled too thoroughly, or of whom, which was not unusual, she had suddenly tired. Loulou usually got bored with some man or other about

three times a week, and her temper when out of harness was diabolic.

Into the room came a young man with a handsome inane face, as well dressed as it is possible for anyone to be. In one hand he bore a basket of orchids. The maid, flinging on the sofa a cloak mainly composed of chiffon and ostrich feathers, made her exit.

Loulou digned to admire the flowers.

"Upon my faith, Félix, you are as punctual as the announcer on the radio."

Félix took a chair he had but recently paid for and looked up expectantly.

"Not even a little kiss for all these flowers?"

Loulou fiddled a little diamond locket on a platinum chain and suspended it around her neck. It struck him as new.

"Félix—perhaps I am cruel—people say so. But really I am not at all bad. Non. I sent for you to say—well, I am thinking of *reforming*. Droll, n'est-ce pas? Yes—and a big word for me. You see, I shall not be lovely forever—"

"Zut!" said Félix in dire impatience, drenching a little perfume on his handkerchief. "My grandmother—seventy if she is a day—barely looks thirty-six in a kind light since she shingled. Father says she now looks younger than she did when he was a boy—"

"I can't help your grandmother," said Loulou nastily. "I hope I shall have more sense when I am seventy—if I ever am. Though I pray le bon Dieu I never will be. However, mon petit, you are very sweet to spoil me so—but I have found a man."

"What—another?" he observed tart-



On a low chair made especially for the purpose, Loulou sat, en negligee, while the maid put on her stockings and slippers.

ly. "Only *one*? Poor soul, he will feel lonely. Oh, come on, Loulou—this is Friday, and Le Coque only left for Algiers on Monday."

"I am going to tell you," Loulou glittered wickedly in the soft light, "that I have found a sweet man who wants—Oh, it is so consoling! So sweet! The poor fool wants to do for me what you will never do—"

"And what is that? A car?—A dog? A coat?"

"No," said Loulou, complacently swinging her heels. "He—he wants to marry me."

There was a little silence.

Suddenly Félix felt himself very angry inside. There had been other men,—well, he had outbid them all and had come to regard himself as the owner of this very thorny rose. But a husband—the pearl brooding whitely on his shirt-front quivered with indignation.

"You will marry no one but me," he said abruptly.

Loulou put a little quite unwanted carmine on her lips and pouted.

"You have never asked me," she murmured. "He *has*. I should be silly to refuse, I think. He has a lot of money. More than you. And I don't want to be talked about. You are always around, they say—"

He caught her arm roughly.

"You will marry *me*," he said savagely. "I can see through *your* game."

LOULOU received her engagement ring with peals of wicked laughter which her maid mistook for ridicule of the infatuated Félix.

Loulou was simply wondering why he had never asked her the name of the other man and what she would have answered if he had.

You see, there wasn't any other man *that* time.

The Little Parisienne's First Experience As An Artist's Model



1. The artist greets a new-comer. Does he need any models? Perhaps!



2. "Just started this one. You may have just the figure for it. Suppose I look you over!"



3. "I wonder if he meant 'everything.'"



4. "Heavens! You're not cold are you? It's really quite warm in here. Come! Come! Lay aside your garments."



5. Just the girl he needed.



6. As is the custom, the model gets the lunch while the artist goes out for a little vin rouge.

7. And then it grew too dark to paint . . . and the studio was chilly. . .

The Amusing Deception Practised

Mouton Was a Very Wonderful Dog—the Smartest in Paris, and Smart As His Mistress, As This Rollicking

By FRANCESCA

DELYSE was a beautiful girl, and she had two lovers. One was Raymond Valentin de la Rouquières, sixty seven, white haired, monaced with care and manaced with wealth. The other was Justin Vion, twenty four, handsome and destitute. Which was all precisely as

it should be.

And then Mouton came along, and everything was upset—or threatened to be. Oh, la la—or rather oh, bow bow!

Before Mouton made his appearance, everything had been so nice and peaceful.

"I adore you," Raymond would murmur as he bent over the slim white

hand of Delyse, and left a nice crisp bank note folded in her pink palm.

And—"I adore you," Justin would murmur as he bent over the selfsame white hand, only a little later—or a little earlier—and left a tender kiss nestling in the very same palm.

And—"I adore you," Delyse would reply with fervor and impartiality. A triangle with all angles equal.

And then Fifi showed up.

Now Fifi was a new girl in the song and dance show in which Delyse didn't sing or dance. Fifi didn't sing or dance either, and in addition her ankles were thicker than those of the other girl, and her complexion was muddy in the morning. But Fifi didn't envy Delyse her ankles, her complexion, her apartment de luxe, her maid—or Raymond. It was Justin Fifi wanted.

To be sure Delyse had never admitted openly that there was anything between Justin and herself. But you do not have to admit in speech the man whom you admit in love. Fifi suspected that Delyse loved Justin, and she *knew* that Justin loved Delyse. So she decided to do something about it.

The something took the form of an anonymous letter which she sent to De la Rouquières.

"My dear friend," she wrote, "some men are born to be deceived. You're it." She signed herself "A wellwisher," showing that she knew the etiquette of anonymous correspondence.

De la Rouquières, being a man of the world, neither swallowed his cigar when he received this missive, nor swallowed his wrath. Instead he allowed both to smoulder while he considered the mat-



"Mon Dieu," cried the young man, "what in the world is that?"

Upon Monsieur de la Rouquières

Possessed of the Most Disconcerting Talents. But He Wasn't So Tale of Love and Intrigue Will Bear Witness.

RAMBAUD

ter. He had never really trusted Delyse, and now he distrusted her. From the one to the other was almost no step at all.

The thing to do now was to catch her at this business of making a fool of him. Sapristi! He considered hiring a maid to spy on her, but dismissed that plan almost at once. If the young man whom Delyse favored were handsome, as of course he must be, then all he would have to do to win the maid would be to give her a few kisses. De la Rouquières knew. He, too, had been a handsome young devil in his time.

He considered having private detectives trail Delyse, but rejected that idea almost at once because of what had happened to his old friend De la Fourmières, an even more experienced person than he. De la Fourmières had had a sweetheart, as who has not, and she had been unfaithful, as what sweetheart isn't. So he had called in a famous firm of private detectives and they had detected no less than eleven young gentlemen who regularly visited the young lady in question.

De la Fourmières was paying for the discovery of only one young man, so the detective agency considered the other ten velvet, and made a good thing out of them by selling the tale to a scandal sheet. They also extracted money from each of the eleven in turn and from De la Fourmières eleven separate times. He became an object of ridicule among his enemies, and an object of pity among his friends. He had been obliged to resign from his club and retire to the country. Terrible. De la Rouquières shuddered and de-

cided to leave the detectives out of it.

He might, of course, attempt to trap Delyse himself, but that was an arduous business for a man of his years. Standing for hours in the shadow of a doorway, in the wind, or rain, or sleet,



Justin Vion, twenty-four, handsome and destitute.

or snow didn't appeal to him. Besides it would cause him to lose a great deal of sleep—and his sleep was very precious. So that method was out.

HE thought and he thought and he thought. And in the end he was as far from a solution as he had been at the start. And yet it was essential that he get the goods on Delyse. Not that he meant to drop her, for after all he was sixty seven and an old man must not be too exacting. But if he could intimidate her, he might manage to cut down her allowance. He had been spending far too much money on her anyhow. With that girl the sky was the limit, and she didn't believe there was any sky! Just lately she had begun hinting about a chinchilla evening wrap and an emerald cabochon . . . Decidedly the author of that anonymous letter had been a well wisher.

He decided to go for a walk and see if some solution to his problem would not occur to him. He was strolling along aimlessly when he noticed a crowd gathered in front of a shop window. De la Rouquières was nothing if not curious, he drew close and craned his neck to see what the window contained that could hold the crowd enthralled. It was a dog.

But this was no ordinary dog whom the shop keeper was putting through his paces for the edification of the crowd outside. In fact it was a very special trick dog who seemed to be of a superior intelligence. De la Rouquières thought of Delyse. She loved dogs. She had been teasing him for one for a long while.

He went inside the shop.

But when the shop keeper turned away from the window and told him the price of the dog, De la Rouquières was stunned.

"But Mouton is a canine of exceptional intelligence, monsieur," he assured his customer. "He is worth twice the price I am asking. Only reflect, monsieur, that he recognizes not only his own name but the names of all those who surround him."

"Tiens," cried De la Rouquières with interest, "is that possible? I can scarcely believe it. Before buying this dog I must have proof that what you tell me is true."

"Monsieur, do you doubt my word?"

The shop keeper looked hurt. "I am delighted to prove what I have just said. May I inquire your first name? Raymond? Tiens, see, I am saying to him 'Voici, Raymon, Mouton. Here is your friend Raymond.' He does not know the name—he does not know you—he pays no attention. Try another name—André. No response. Likewise Jules. You see. Monsieur, you attempt a name yourself, and you will see."

De la Rouquières called off half a dozen names, but the dog merely stood there and considered him with a puzzled glance.

"But this," cried De la Rouquières, impatiently, "proves merely that this dog does not respond. Now for the real test. Write down the name of one of your employés, and I will speak it. In that way I can be certain that it is to the name itself he responds, and not



"He looks like a nice dog."

to the tone of voice in which you mention it."

The shop keeper complied, smilingly, writing down a name on a scrap of paper and handing it to his client. De la Rouquières read the name aloud, and at the sound of it the dog, who had been standing motionless, jumped up joyously, wagged his tail, and barked loudly.

"Mon Dieu," cried De la Rouquières, "I will buy this dog. Monsieur, you have saved my reputation. I thank you. I will also pay you what you are asking, although I still think it is too much. However . . ."

"Monsieur decides to take the dog with him?" asked the shop keeper, pocketing the money.

"Non," replied De la Rouquières thoughtfully. "I am presenting him to a friend. Here is the address—you may send him over."

Now the proprietor of the animal shop was an intelligent man, and when he saw that the friend to whom De la Rouquières was making this gift was a woman, he put two and two together, and made a resolution to the effect that the recipient of the strange gift should be warned. Because, he reasoned, to make an enemy is not to make a customer. So he delivered the dog to Delyse himself.

"Mademoiselle," he explained, "Monsieur selected this dog because of his superior intelligence. Does Mademoiselle comprehend?"

"Not quite," confessed Delyse, thoughtfully. "He looks like a nice dog."

"He is a nice dog. He is also a remarkable one. He memorizes and recalls the names of all those who surround him."

"Tiens," said Delyse thoughtfully, "did Monsieur de la Rouquières know that?"

"Of a certainty, mademoiselle," smiled the shop keeper. "That is why he purchased him. I thought it might interest you to know."

"It does interest me," replied Delyse



He might attempt to trap Delyse himself, but this was an arduous business.

fervently. "What can I do to repay you?"

"Nothing, mademoiselle," beamed the shop keeper, "save to remember me should any of your friends require—dogs."

AFTER a while the doorbell rang, and the maid admitted Justin.

"I adore you," he said quickly to Delyse, kissing the palm of her hand.

"Woof! woof!" exclaimed Mouton, who wanted to be sure that all was as it should be.

"Mon Dieu," cried the young man, jumping up—and also back—"what in the world is that?"

"Oh, just a new plaything," Delyse caressed the dog. "You will soon get to like him, cher Raymond."

"What," cried the young man angrily, "did you hear what you called me? You called me *Raymond*. Aren't you ashamed?"

"Woof! woof!" said Mouton menacingly. Implying, of course: "Don't address my lady in that tone of voice."

"She's my lady too," said Justin angrily, pushing the dog aside, "and she was my lady *first*."

"Woof!" said Mouton disdainfully. "She's my lady *now*." And he planted himself squarely before Delyse.

"Don't be foolish," Delyse laughed and pulled Justin toward her. "Here! Come close and I will tell you why I called you Raymond. I don't want *him* to hear."

She whispered in his ear, while Mouton looked on, at first suspiciously and then sleepily, for the explanation seemed to take a very long time. However, he judged that it was a satisfactory explanation for the young man was laughing, and the threatening note had departed from his voice. So Mouton laid his nose on his paws, and snored.

Meanwhile, De la Rouquières was anything but idle. He had retired to his den, a room which he had not needed since his wife divorced him, and he had armed himself with a telephone book, a city directory and an almanac. There he compiled a list of all the given names in the world. Then he sat back and waited.

He judged that it would be about a month before Mouton was ready for a trial. During that period he saw Delyse no more than five times. He wanted to leave the field clear.



His old friend De la Fourmières had had an unfaithful sweetheart.

When the month had elapsed, De la Rouquières asked Delyse to lend him the dog. He wanted to go to his country place for a few days to rest and he was afraid he would be lonely by himself. That was his excuse. Delyse

could see through and all around it, but she could also appear blind. She was very wise.

Mouton liked De la Rouquières, so he did not fuss during the trip. But after two days, when nothing had happened, he began to grow lonely for his mistress—and Justin. Justin always fed him lump sugar.

That evening De la Rouquières shut himself into a room with the dog. He drew out all his sheets of paper on which were written the names he had



They had detected no less than eleven young men who visited the young lady in question.

gathered from his almanachs and directories. One by one he read them off, watching Mouton sharply the while. But the dog never budged.

Even when he reached the name Justin, Mouton sat pat. Why shouldn't he? A lover by any other name is just as dear, and ever since his arrival Delyse had called her sweetheart Raymond. So the name Justin meant just exactly nothing to the hound. Voila!

De la Rouquières got all through the list without causing the dog to flick his tail. He couldn't understand it. There was just one name he hadn't called out. His own. He decided to try that now.

Instantly Mouton was transformed from a half sleeping canine into a live wire of energy and expectancy. He danced about on his hind paws and barked joyously. He ran to the door and back again. He was delirious with excitement.

De la Rouquières looked at the dog with astonishment. And presently his astonishment became pleasure. And then it became pride. Good little Delyse! So she was faithful after all, to an old fellow like him! He had been suspecting her unjustly. He must go right back and make it up to her, that he must.

He returned to town the next day, and went straight to the apartment of his beloved. It seemed to him she was a long while opening the door—but perhaps that was because he was impatient. Also he couldn't quite understand the conduct of Mouton after they entered the apartment. The dog kept sniffing about. But dogs are queer.

At any rate he soon forgot everything in the pleasure of seeing Delyse again, and of knowing she was faithful. He showered her with compliments—and a few kisses. She accepted both graciously—and waited for something more substantial. Finally it came.

"That chinchilla wrap," mused De la Rouquières, "you know, the one you liked? I have ordered it."

"Oh," laughed Delyse clapping her hands, "you are a darling papa!"



"Oh, just a new plaything," said Delyse. "You'll soon get to like him."

"Also the emerald cabochon," continued the old beau, "is yours if you desire."

Delyse kissed him then, while Mouton looked on with a puzzled air.

"Thank you, Raymond darling," she cried, "you are too good to me."

"My dear," said De la Rouquières, "that is not half you merit."

And he kissed her hand—leaving a bank note in it—as usual.

When the door had closed behind

him, Delyse ran to a closet in the pantry, and threw open the door. Justin stepped out, a trifle suffocated, but still smiling.

"Is everything all right?" he asked Delyse tenderly.

"Everything, *Raymond*," she said radiantly, smiling into his eyes.

"Woof! Woof!" said Mouton, pressing his cold nose into his idol's hand. "I've missed you. Give me a lump of sugar."



An Intimate Acquaintance

By L. B. BIRDSALL

*The teddy bears Milady wears,
Are dainty things her modiste brings
Across the sea from Gay Paree.
Such lingerie! Oh my, oh me!*

*The sweet perfume of flowers in bloom
Clings to her hose! It thrills my nose!
My senses reel when'er I feel—
Oftimes I squeeze—her silk chemise.*

*Her nighties, too, some pink, some blue,
Are made of dreams—it almost seems;
They are so sheer . . . I feel so queer
When'er I hold—You think I'm bold?*

*Oh, goodness, no, I'm not her beau!
Why I'm just Roy, the laundry boy.*



The Curtain of Flowers

When the Casino de Paris—a theatre more French than the Folies Bergère—decided to give its latest revue the innocent title of “Paris in Flower,” it proved that a show by any name could be as nude. The first act closes with the descent of a living curtain, beautified by the seven sweet flowers pictured above.



Lee Byrne

*S*HE is most divinely
tall,
And divinely fair;
Lovely lines and ivory
skin,
Wavy chestnut hair.

*But there's something I
would know,
If she'd care to tell;
Looking at her garment
—where
Does her modiste dwell?*





"But this is not a part of the agreement," murmured Colette.

Colette the Co-respondent

One Room in the Ritz Is Very Like Another—All Being Equally Attractive—As Colette Had Learned In Carrying On Her Profession. But One Night a Job Came Her Way That Took the "Co" Out of Co-responding, and She Found Herself Indulging In That Far More Simple Action of Just—Responding.

By TROTTEUR

COLETTE was a co-respondent. She had graduated from a co-respondents' correspondence school with honors and the prospect of a very profitable future. A portion of that future had by this time become her past, and it had been profitable. The rest of it was still to come, and it would be profitable. Flappers may flap and flappers may flop, but mining goes on forever.

Colette dug for scandal and she dug for gold. Usually one led directly to the other. When it didn't lead directly it lead indirectly. She was really getting rich rapidly and her French nude hosiery would have been bursting with wealth if that had been the place where she stored her louis. But she kept her simoleons in the bank and her Louis in the telephone directory.

She was a first rate A-number-one co-respondent. If you wanted to get rid of your wife you called Colette. If you wanted to get rid of somebody else's wife you likewise called Colette. She was always ready at a moment's notice to step out of her dress into a case. Business came first with Colette. It also came second and third. She didn't believe in half measures.

One day she got a call at eleven o'clock. Naturellement, not at eleven in the morning. The morning is to the co-respondent as a pair of overshoes to a snake.

But by eleven in the evening Colette was always all there. When she didn't happen to be somewhere else. She answered this particular call in her most professional voice, which was a blend of sugar, honey and money to come.



After she had arrived at the Ritz she looked about the lobby for her temporary husband.

"I will be delighted to take the case," she said purringly. "At what hotel shall I meet Monsieur?"

"At the Ritz, if you please, Mademoiselle," came the gallant reply. "I would not dream of requesting you to co-respond in any less fashionable place."

"There spoke a perfect gentleman," confided Colette to her canary. The canary didn't answer back. It was a he-canary.

When Colette went on her cases she invariably armed herself with a suitcase and fingered herself with a wedding ring. Naturellement, you couldn't park yourself in a fashionable hotel minus the first mentioned, and you wouldn't want to minus the latter. But there was little in the suitcase and even less in the wedding ring.

After she had arrived at the Ritz she looked about the lobby for her temporary husband. His name would, of course, be Monsieur Durand. Most of Colette's husbands had been named Monsieur Durand. Nevertheless she couldn't very well have him paged by that name because too many other womens' husbands also used it.

She didn't know how she would recognize him but she thought

he would probably recognize her. Because, no doubt, his lawyer would have shown him her photograph—that one in which she was wearing the pale blue gauze ribbon. That was how she usually secured her customers.

"This," the man of law would inform his client, "will be your co-respondent, Mon-

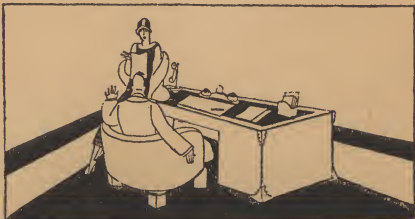
sieur. Allow me to felicitate you."

In the event that the client in question happened to be one of those gentlemen who do prefer blonds the lawyer kept another photograph on file, but Colette landed most of the trade. There was something about her smile and a good deal about her dimples that did the trick. The poor, deluded mortals who selected her didn't know that they would see but little of the former and less of the latter.

"Mademoiselle," a young man was bowing before her, "that is to say, Madame Durand, is it not?"

"Very likely," replied Colette. She recognized the voice but not the type. This man looked far too nice to be co-responding. In fact he looked as though he ought to—respond.

"I have reserved our suite," her partem husband was saying. "Will you permit me to show it to you?"



His lawyer would have shown him her photograph—that one in which she was wearing the pale blue gauze ribbons.

Colette would. Ordinarily, at this stage of the game she requested her fee, and ordinarily at this stage of the game she received—half of it. However it was manifest that this young man wasn't hep to the co-responding ropes, and Colette felt suddenly and unaccountably timid about asking him for money. So she preceded him meekly into the elevator and allowed herself to be whisked up to the fifth étage and into room 506.

"Home, sweet home," murmured Colette under her breath as she stepped across the threshold of the familiar room. She couldn't be certain that she had ever actually co-responded in this particular room before, but on the other hand she couldn't be certain that she hadn't.

"AND maintenant," she said, after the bus boy had set down her suitcase and taken up his tip, "what time is the attack?"

"The attack?" echoed the young man open mouthed. "B-ut what attack, Mademoiselle?"

"Why, the charge of the wife brigade, of course," answered Colette.

"Oh," murmured the young man, comprehension dawning in his eyes, "you mean les détectifs."

"Bright boy," smiled Colette. "You got me the second try."

"Why I believe that they are to arrive at—at one o'clock," replied Monsieur Durand, blushing.

"As late as that?" cried Colette with astonishment. "Whatever for?"

"In order that we may become acquainted," explained the young man with great earnestness. "I do not desire to co-respond with a complete stranger. That would be extremely awkward."

"It will be far more awkward if I

am obliged to wait for two hours," sulked Colette, "unless, of course, you order something to eat. I am usually hungry."

"An excellent idea," applauded the young man, and rang for the waiter. "Over the table we will become good friends."

"So long as it is *over* the table," murmured Colette, "why I don't mind."



She was always ready at a moment's notice to slip out of her dress into a case.

Colette ordered lobster à la newburg, and the young man ordered champagne. It was an excellent combination. The lobster made them both thirsty, and the champagne made them both gay.

"Do call me Henri, ma chérie," begged the young man with great fervor.

"But certainement," laughed Colette, "I have called many men worse names than that."

"And tell me that you like me just a little bit," he implored.

"Mais, oui," answered Colette, "I do like you—just a little bit."

"Sufficiently to give me a kiss?" he importuned.

"Not quite," replied Colette impishly. "Besides even if I did, it wouldn't be good business."

"And why wouldn't it be good business?" Henri wanted to know.

"Because it is not good business," explained Colette demurely, "to give away anything."

"Well, in that event perhaps I could buy it?" asked Henri.

"I doubt it," answered Colette, laughing, "because I charge a very high price. Far more than the article is worth, so that it will not be purchased. You see I do not want my stock—depleted."

"But what use is your stock to you," demanded the young man, "if it is true that you never make any use of it?"

"Eh bien," said Colette musingly, "I might require it for an emergency. . . ."

"Then this is an emergency, chérie," said Henri, taking Colette quickly into his arms. "Don't lose your head and run. Don't even walk to the nearest exit, for it is locked and I have the key in my pocket. After all, it is better to yield gracefully than disgracefully."

"Mon Dieu," Colette pushed Henri away, "it is almost one. I must hurry and get undressed."

"Don't let me stop you," said Henri, releasing her immediately.

Colette slipped out of her frock—and she was ready.

"Chérie," cried Henri, catching her in his arms and holding her close. "How sweet you are!"

"This is not a part of the agreement," murmured Colette, not making any very energetic efforts to free herself; "besides, the detectives will be here any moment and they will be shocked."

"Can one shock a detective?" asked Henri of Colette's hair. "At any rate, these won't be shocked, I can promise you because—there aren't any."

"There aren't any?" gasped Colette, pushing him away in good earnest now, and staring at him with amazement. "But your wife. . . ."

"I haven't got one—yet," replied Henri, softly.

"But if you haven't got a wife and there aren't any detectives, what in the world did you get me here for?" asked Colette. "What could be your motive, if not to have me compromise you?"

"To compromise *you*," replied Henri quickly. "You see, one night about a month ago. . . ."

"Yes?" prompted Colette. "Go on."

"One of my friends was helping his wife get him a divorce, and I was one—of the witnesses who broke open the door—in the name of the law. It was in this self same hotel, and I saw you. . . ."

"Yes?" murmured Colette, "what of it?"

"You—you were wearing a blue—chemise. . . ."

"Yes, whispered Colette, "and what then?"

"And then," said Henri, "why I fell in love with you. Naturellement."

"Naturellement," agreed Colette. "That chemise. I have it on now."

"I hoped," breathed Henri, "that you would."

"Henri," said Colette a little while later, "when we are married. . . ."

"The first thing in the morning, ma chérie."

"Oui," Colette nodded, "well, then, there is one thing I want you to promise me. Do you hear?"

"And what is that, mon ange," asked Henri tenderly.

"That you will never co-respond with anyone, except me," sighed Colette, as she raised her lips to his.

Carrying It a Bit Too Far

"Are you fond of wearing evening dress?"

"I feel that nothing is more becoming to me."

"Oh—er—of course; but don't you think that would be a little extreme?"



Boudoir Chatter

Our Department of the Interior, Where, Behind Closed Doors and Drawn Curtains, We Amuse Ourselves With Idle Chatter of the World and Its Follies

ILLUMINATING

THE plot of a new play which was banned is that a woman gets "tight," mistakes her husband's friend for her husband, and next day isn't sure how far her indiscretion has gone.

We'll lay 5 to 1 that she was the only person in the theatre to have the least doubt about it.

* * *

THINKING—WHAT?

There they sat . . . in silence
 . . . in darkness . . . and in the
 park . . . She thinking her thoughts
 . . . he thinking his . . .

[Note.—Both the characters in this story are fictitious.]

* * *

THE GO-GETTER

Ann: "Hullo! Wither away?"

Nan: "Switzerland."

Ann: "For the winter sports?"

Nan: "No—after them."

PARIS PARLEY

"Want a guide? I can show you everything you ought to see!"

"Go away! I want someone who can show me the things I oughtn't to see!"

* * *

SAME RESULT

She came home with her hat on one side and her clothes all crushed-looking.

"Looks as though she's been knocked down by a motorist," said one neighbor, sympathetically.

"Or picked up," said another, thoughtfully.

* * *

A LIMERICK

A dancer who loved a gendarme
 Had a way of revealing her charm
 That left nothing to guess
 So he told her to dress
 Ere the law gathered her in its arm.



Bashful suitor (*over telephone*): Betty, would you like to have a puppy?"

Betty: "Oh, Ernie! How delightfully humble of you. Yes, dearest, I accept."

HIND-SIGHT

I DON'T know what I ever saw in you to induce me to marry you," he snarled.

"But you must remember, dear," she said sweetly, "that we've been married ten years and that fashions then weren't what they are now."

* * *

REWARDS

Now virtue is its own reward,
And should be closely guarded,
Yet flippant, flapper maids aver,
They're happy unrewarded.

* * *

SHOCKING

Peter: "Is Aggie clever?"

Paul: "Gosh, no! She never thinks."

Peter: "She doesn't?"

Paul: "Why, man, if Aggie attempted to clothe herself in thought, she'd be arrested for impersonating September Morn."

WE KNOW IT!

THESE famous specialists—what things they do find out! One of them has been solemnly advising that "from the health point of view, stockings should be worn suspended from the other garments."

From any point of view they would look all right.

* * *

QUITE TRUE, QUITE TRUE

A girl bootlegger in New York was found to be wearing a camisole fitted with pockets containing bottles of joy-water.

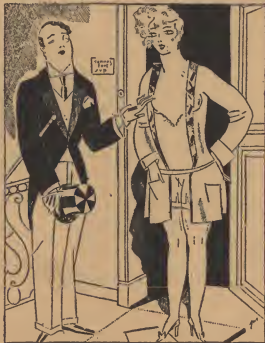
Nothing new; a camisole is generally on a bust.

* * *

SITTING PRETTY

"Seven-tenths of the women in this country do not know how to sit correctly in the presence of the stronger sex," a contributor.

"Of course, the correct thing is to sit on a man's lap," responds Flighty Flo," whether anyone else is present or not."



Young lady from across hall: "Do you require a model, sir?"

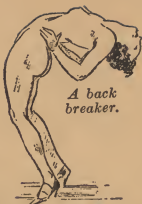
Successful artist about to leave studio "Never use 'em. I only paint trees."

Young lady: "Well, wouldn't a couple of limbs like these be of any use?"

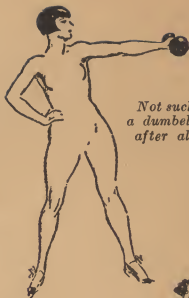
*This one's
just like
playing
leap frog.*



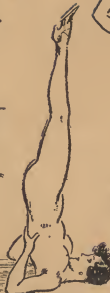
*A back
breaker.*



*Not such
a dumbelle,
after all!*



At that, I prefer rowing.

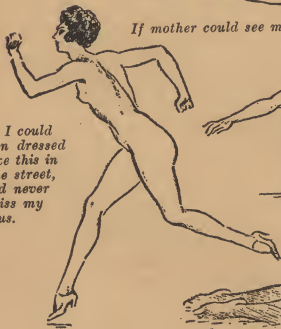


What a big girl I am!

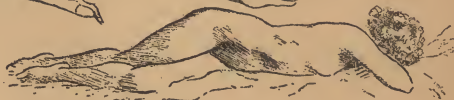


If mother could see me now!

*If I could
run dressed
like this in
the street,
I'd never
miss my
bus.*



*In this it's forbidden
to sit down.*



This masseur is quite all right.

Mademoiselle Takes Her Exercises

(Some Intriguing Action Studies in Pen and Ink)

AND THE DRIVER ISN'T FAR BEHIND!

A YOUNG wife who suspected that her husband was paying attentions to a lonely young widow once went to a clairvoyant to divine the truth.

"My husband is an ice man," said the wife, "and every day when he delivers ice he stops at the widow's house. It is a large white house, with a green hedge around it."

The clairvoyant pretended to go into a trance.

"Yes—yes," she droned, "I see a vision—a vision of a house—a large, white house—with a hedge around it."

"And," asked the young wife in a trembling voice, "isn't my husband in the picture?"

"I do not see your husband," replied the clairvoyant. "I do not see your husband at all. Just the house—and the hedge. But—his ice wagon is standing right outside!"



Wife (upon their return from party): "Do you realize what you did?"

Husband: "No, but I'll admit it was wrong. What was it?"

PARISIAN FRAGMENT

Attorney's wife: "Who was that pretty girl who smiled to you just now, Alfred?"

Attorney: "Oh! just a client."

The girl's pal: "Who was that fellow you smiled to just now?"

The girl: "Oh! just a client."

* * *

FELL FOR IT

She danced the Charleston;

The Hawaiian kind—

She had a skirt on,

But slender are the ties that bind.

* * *

SAFE

Wally: "Did you have any trouble with your wife about being out so late last night?"

Chuck: "Naw, I got home first."

* * *

A MODERN ATLAS

Father (*sharply*): "So you want to marry my daughter. Can you support a family?"

Sheik (*pointedly*): "How many are there of you?"

* * *

GENTLEMEN PREFER 'EM

Mary had a great big hat,
Of which she was very fond,
It covered her face so you couldn't see—

That she was not a blonde!

* * *

IN ANOTHER SENSE

"Is he a constant lover?"

"Yes,—he's always at it!"

* * *

HERE'S A NEW SLANT ON THE OLD ONE

"Why do gentlemen prefer blondes?"

"They get dirty quicker."

* * *

TOO TRUE

It's any odds

There'll be the deuce

If a man is tight

And a woman loose.

* * *

What the flapper called the perambulator: A blunder-'bus.



Mary Marbery

The Spanish shawl serves many purposes, and now appears to have been put to a new use when this Mack Sennett beauty wears it in imitation of the wings of—you'll have to grant it—a very charming butterfly.



Lola Pierce

A Columbia Theatre favorite whose popularity grows with each new season. Miss Pierce's beauty and charm are excelled only by her ability as a dancer.

THE TROGLODYTE

"WHAT I want," Eugenie confided, "is a man, a real man, a cave man, who will crush me in his arms, and shower me with passionate kisses, even against my will."

I had my doubts about her really wishing a cave man for a lover, but I kept these doubts to myself. I am not a cave man, and it was some struggle, but I am nothing if not obliging, especially in any little matter wherein the fair sex is concerned, and Eugenie is temperamental.

"Who," she continued, panting in my arms, "who will sieze me by the hair—"

Again I obliged.

"—and drag me to his lair to work his will on me."

I have no lair, but I dragged her into my den, and worked my will on her; I gave her a good spanking. "Spanking" is good, for at her best Eugenie is but scantily garbed.

Eugenie has never since pulled that "cave man stuff" on me.

She confesses she detests a cave man, but she calls me her "Troglydote," and gazes at me with soulful eyes.

I wonder if Eugenie really does admire the "troglydote" type of man.

I feel that some day she will tempt me to find out.

* * *

HERCULEAN TASK

"I want to do something I have never done before," asserted the youth with the receding forehead . . . "What can I do?"

Then did his girl friend softly coo: "Try and think."

But it was some minutes before he saw it.

* * *

SOME SUSPENDERS PLEASE!

They lay side by side on the couch—

Both were deathly white;

Not a sound broke the silence,

Not a thing was in sight.

A step!

A maid entered!

And picked up two pillows!



Does a petting party stop with a kiss or does it go further? Is spooning dangerous? At last the question is answered. See "Safe Counsel" Page 199.

Are You Afraid To Love?

Has true love come into your life—or didn't you recognize it when it came? Are you afraid now of the baffling, perplexing mysteries of sex relationship? Are you discontented with the stupid lies and furtive ashamed answers the world gives you in place of the naked, fearless truth you desire? Do you want some safe, sane, unashamed advice on sex questions? Do you hesitate asking your doctor certain questions? Clip coupon below, send it today without any money and in a few days you will receive the most startling surprise of your life.

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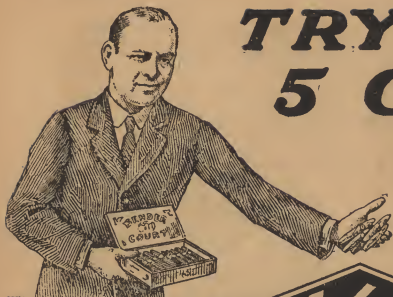
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THERE'S a devil inside of you. He's trying to kill you. Look out for him! He tells you not to work so hard. What's the use? the boss only piles more work on you. He tells you not to bother with your body. If you're weak—you always will be weak. Exercise is just a lot of rot. Do you recognize him? Of course you do. He's in us all. He's a murderer of ambition. He's a liar and a fool. *Kill him!* If you don't, he will kill you.

SAVED

Thank your lucky stars you have another man inside of you. He's the human dynamo. He fills you full of pep and ambition. He keeps you alive—on fire. He urges you on in your daily tasks. He makes you strive for bigger and better things to do. He makes you crave for life and strength. He teaches you that the weak fall by the wayside, but the strong succeed. He shows you that exercise builds live tissue—live tissue is muscle—muscle means strength—strength is power. Power brings success! That's what you want, and gosh darn your old hide! you're going to get it.

Which Man Will It Be?

It's up to you. Set your own future. You want to be the Human Dynamo? Fine! Well, let's get busy. That's where I come in. That's my job. Here's what I'll do for you:

In just 30 days I'll increase your arm one full inch with real live, animated muscle. Yes, and I'll add two inches to your chest in the same time. Pretty good, eh? That's nothing. Now come the works. I'll build up your shoulders. I'll deepen your chest. I'll strengthen your whole body. I'll give you arms and legs like pillars. I'll literally pack muscle up your stomach and down your back. Meanwhile I'll work on those inner muscles surrounding your vital organs. You'll feel the thrill of life shooting up your old backbone and throughout your entire system. You'll feel so full of life you will shout to the world, "I'm a man and I can prove it!"

Sounds good, what? But listen! That isn't all. I'm not just promising these things. *I guarantee them!* It's a sure bet. Oh, boy! Let's ride.



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Keep it for 3 days. Use it to worry your friends stiff and to collect all the money they owe you. Then—if you don't feel you want it—send it back and get your deposit refunded. (See the coupon below).



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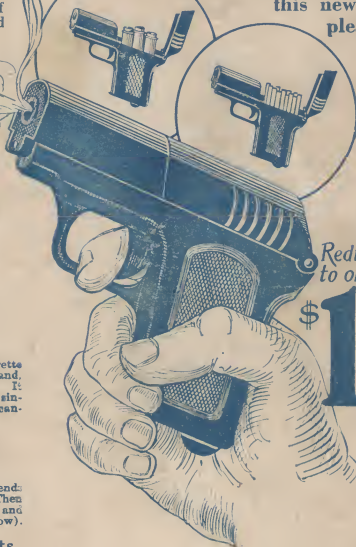
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